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I think I shall be glad when they
Have gone away
And I can quite forget their eyes,
That are so sad and deep
And seem to keep
Some secret of a world grown still and gray;—
Where the far music dies
That called so clear;
Where she may never come again so near
As she has come before,
Nor hang her shining symbol any more
Low in the western skies.

THE IDOL

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

There was a temple in the golden east,
and when the toilsome web of day was spun,
men turned unto their idol, one by one,
and worshipped him with incense and with priest.
Once, in a twilight, when they turned to pray,
they found no idol on the altar-stone,
but still the incense burned, the priest alone
still prayed amid wild hearts and dumb dismay.
O love, although I cannot see thee now,
I worship still at thy deserted shrine.
Love's incense burns and still love's priest is heard.
I wait: Perhaps thy hand will make a sign.
I wait: Perhaps thy breath will kiss my brow.
I wait: Perhaps thy heart will speak a word.